

Morse Code Aids Flirting

Some Reasons Why Humorous Telegraphers Occasionally Get Into Trouble.

"Coming up from Washington the other day," said a division inspector for one of the telegraph companies, "I found myself involuntarily eavesdropping on an innocent little Morse flirtation."

"It happened in the dining car. There were only three of us to respond to the last call for dinner."

"The girl who sat at the table across the aisle from mine. For all that she was obviously a business girl, she looked as pretty as a peach and as cool as a cucumber in a flowing sort of figured shirt waist suit of silk and a lacey white hat with one of those slazy tourist veils caught up behind."

"The man, who sat at the table behind her, with the back of his chair almost touching hers, was a personable, well-cared for looking chap of 30 or so—tall, of the alert, bustling New York young man of business."

"As we three were the last to avail ourselves to the dinner, all of the waiters except one had gone off duty. The remaining waiter took the orders of the three of us in a bunch, and then disappeared into the diner kitchen."

"He was gone an unconsciously long time. Probably the cook hadn't expected any responses to the last call, and had to begin over again."

"The young woman was the first of us to show impatience. She didn't look peevish over the waiter's long absence, but she sighed wearily several times and rested her weary chin in the palms of her hands and gazed hopelessly out of the window, so that I could see that she was a little irritated over the waiter's prolonged absence in the kitchen."

"Then, out of the corner of my eye, I was passing away the time by glancing at the headlines of a newspaper—I saw her pick up her knife in an abstracted sort of way. The water bottle was right beside the place from which she picked up the knife."

"In an unconscious sort of way she began to tap on the side of the water bottle with the blunt edge of the knife. This is what she tapped:

"Durn that waiter!"

"The young fellow seated with his back to her instantly looked chicky. He, too, had a newspaper spread out in front of him, and until the tapping on the water bottle began he had been staring extremely bored. At that sound, however, he looked up from the paper and gazed straight ahead of him, his face screwed into an expression of keen attention."

"The young woman dropped her knife impatiently as soon as she had tapped her mild obnoxiousness to the waiter on the bottle. The young man, who had picked up his knife, this is what he tapped. Morsewise, and with a good deal of speed and finish on his water bottle:

"Thanks. Same here. But why durn that waiter? Let him down too easily."

"It was the young woman's turn to emerge suddenly from her bored state. She flushed slightly, and a smile lurked around the corners of her mouth, but she didn't turn her head."

"The young man hadn't turned about in his chair to look at her, either. Right self-contained young people, I thought. She picked up her knife again as soon as his tapping ceased. 'Well, hang him, then,' she tapped."

"Not strong enough yet," he tapped in quick reply. "Want me to say it? It might help some."

"Please don't," she tapped, almost breaking in upon him. "I hate profanity."

"Well, that was a pretty good start. I kept my eyes on my paper, looking as innocent as I could."

"They went ahead with that water bottle conversation for fifteen minutes more before the waiter appeared with four dinners. But they never even turned once to look at each other. I have a shrewd suspicion that they'd surveyed each other sort of casually before sitting down."

"She tapped that she was perishing for food, because she'd been compelled to race for the train without any breakfast. It was the same with him, he tapped in reply. Had overslept himself, and had only made the train by an eyelash."

"When the waiter at length brought the food it wasn't much—sort of a tag and dinner, providing that my surmise as to the cook having been caught napping was correct."

"Pretty poor layout, this," the young man tapped on his water bottle after taking a look at the dishes the waiter spread out before him."

"It's grand," she tapped in reply. "I love to eat scraps—so much like home."

"Then they went ahead and ate, occasionally taking up their knives to tap out some sort of humorous comment on the picked up character of the dinner. When the waiter was back, indeed, the young man tapped the question:

"Liv' in little old New York?"

"Brooklyn," she replied.

"Brooklyn—years before I was a sad, sad story," was his come back.

"Wouldn't live anywhere else for the mint," she tapped.

"That's right, stick up for your own village green," was his reply.

"Well, I simply couldn't resist the impulse to get in then. I was through with my dinner, ready to leave the dining car. I folded up my paper and pushed back my chair. Then I took hold of my knife and drummed this on my water bottle:

"Enjoy yourselves while you're young, children. Don't mind grizzled old fogies like me."

"When I dropped the knife and looked across the aisle at them in a sort of sidelong way they were both regarding me with broad smiles."

"Such a rumbustious!" the young woman said out loud to me with a captivating smile and in a sort of way that didn't make it sound slangy at all.

"But isn't it?" was the word that the young man flung at me, grinning.

"The ice was broken. We all sat around one table, had more coffee, and chatted for a while."

"The young man was connected with one of the big life insurance companies here. The young woman was the business manager of a fashion publication. Both of them had learned key punching in their teens and had worked at it in branch offices."

"They were a wholesome, clean minded pair of young people who had been fighting the battle of life almost since their childhood. I noticed that he was looking her hand traps, as well as his own, going toward the ferry after leaving the train."

"And so, who knows? I should like to hear of that as the solution of their innocent little water bottle flirtation in Morse."

"That experience was more pleasant than one in which I was a looker on, but not a participant, in a Pennsylvania city a few months ago."

"In the Pennsylvania city I met an old time key pounder alongside of whom I worked out west years ago. He insisted upon taking me to his boarding house for dinner, and I went along."

"It was a boarding house patronized largely by the telegraphers of the town. There were about a dozen of them around the big table when I sat down with my old-time friend. Most of them were seasoned chaps."

"The meal was hardly under way before a very awkward looking red-haired man came into the dining room with a somewhat countrified looking woman. Their clothes looked mighty

new and stiff. They'd have struck anybody as bride and bridegroom."

"The bunch at the big table sized the nup as they sat down at a small table placed in the basement bow window. Then the key-punching Indians began to drum things on their plates with their knives. It was a regular musketry fire of cracks."

"Cute fire, said that boy's got. Swell, said this boarding house honed moon, 'ng thing, hey?'"

"Wonder what that mess of wedding togs set him back?" "Oh, fury, fury, such a spokedness!" "Oh, girls, I wonder if he's wearing pink crocheted suspenders to match that tie?"—that's the sort of rattle those key pounders were rapping on their plates with their knives until the red-haired man stood up at his table, thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets and looked the bunch over roughly.

"Just for the sake of easing the minds of you inquisitive flatheads," the red-haired man said, amid the silence for they quit their plate drumming mighty sudden when they saw him stand up and look them over in that sort of way—I'll let you in on the fact that I've been married for five years and more. And the next one of you that makes a fancy crack at me or anybody with me is going to have his nose pulled!"

"You could have cut the silence of that dining room with a knife. They weren't afraid of the red-haired man, but they knew that they were in the wrong, and they felt so everlastingly cheap over the fact that he had understood their plate knockings that they were speechless."

"The first man to leave the table set the example for the others. He walked over, the red-haired man and he held out his hand. 'Take it all back, old man,' said he. 'Ashamed of myself. Didn't mean any harm. Wouldn't intentionally hurt anybody's feelings for \$2. Just kidding. Is it all right?'"

"Sure thing," replied the red-haired man, pleasantly, taking the proffered hand. And after that every man jack of them, on leaving the table, went over to the red-haired man and squared himself, and the incident passed off as a sale lot better than it had begun.

"They weren't so sorry, either, that they had squared themselves when they got back to the main office that afternoon. They found the red-haired man there in conference with the manager. The red-haired man was the new night manager and had just got in that day from another Pennsylvania city to take night charge."

"Fact is, there are so many people up and down the world these days who know Morse that it doesn't do for key pounders with the gaudy perch to take chances unless they're dead sure of where they stand."

"When the Spanish war broke out a pretty high officer of the army on duty at the war department in Washington called upon the New York office for a couple of crack men for his office. He sent to Washington two of the smartest young fellows we had on the ground."

"They got along with the high officer of the army in great shape for a month or so, and then they got the sudden bad news from the war department building."

"One morning, it seems, the bluff general reached his office looking pretty fit. He was feeling of his brow, in an experimental sort of way, when he took his seat at his desk, and through the open door the two telegraphers in the next room noticed that the general was making quite frequent trips to the water cooler."

"He scribbled a few messages for them to send, and then they were written in a right shaky style of handwriting. The key pounders were in opposite corners of the big room adjoining the general's office. Noticing all these symptoms of weariness on the part of the general, one of them turned to his locked key and clicked off:

"I'd hate to be packing around the lid the old man has got on him this morning."

"To say nothing of that hum eury taste," replied the other fellow on his key."

"You two fellows needn't grieve yourselves any over my state of mind or body," they heard a voice behind them saying, and there was the general framed in the doorway. Just these dispatches off, and I'll take care of my lid and my eury taste."

"They didn't say a word, but got his dispatches off four bells."

"The New York superintendent received a laconic letter from the general on the following morning."

"I've got now," the letter ran. "They needn't be humorists. I am too busy to be funny with my office staff."

"I was at the water cooler when I read then, recalling the two whose little key talk on the side had been read by the general. The general had picked up telegraphing years before from an officer of the signal corps, just as a little mental exercise to relieve the tedium of garrison life.—New York Sun.

What Would You Do?

(George W. Comstock in National Sportsman)

Suppose 'at you had fished all day. An' you hadn't got a bite. Suppose 'th' shadders was getting long. An' it was a-comin' dark. Suppose 'at then you tho't of your friends. What would laff an' jest at you? What would you do in a case like that? What do you s'pose you'd do?

Wal, we'll say 'at you'd give it up. Darn it! It's no use ag'in you so. It's useless to try no more. With some back with a dog. An' suppose 'he'd sell 'em to you for a dog. Now what do you s'pose you'd do?

Wouldn't you kind of smile at him, 'An' ca'tiously look about. Before you reached deep down in your pocket to your wallet out? An' wouldn't you lower your voice to say, 'This you know, 'twixt me an' you, isn't that just 'th' way you'd act? Isn't that what you'd do?

An' then when down thro' th' streets of your admirin' friends, as they'd pass, wouldn't you con-grat-ate-late you an' ask 'em, 'Suppose you tell 'em fishin' was kind of a knack. 'At was acquired by a few; isn't that what you'd say now? Isn't that what you'd do?

It Was No Use.
(Chicago Journal.)

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," my boy," said the good old uncle.

"Then I might as well give up," said the discouraged youth. "There's no use in my trying to stop cigarettes."

Profession Chosen.
(Pittsburg Gazette.)

A child was born in New York without eyes. It can never see whether the lid is on or not, consequently may grow up to be a policeman.

A Supposedly Good Authority.
The Literary Lady—Hannah, that cake you made was positively unpalatable. I never tasted such a mess. Hannah—Yes, ma'am. I was quite sure it would be, ma'am. I made it from the recipe, in that cook book you wrote, ma'am.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Great July Sale of

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Starts Tomorrow (Monday the 11th) at 8 a.m.

It Will Be the Greatest Sale This or Any Other Store Ever Inaugurated.

The Low Price Features Are MORE ATTRACTIVE Than Ever.

BUT QUALITY REGNS SUPREME.

There'll be values greater than you've ever conceived of. Because of the exceedingly low prices quoted we do not want you to think that we have sacrificed one iota in the qualities of the garments offered. They combine that rare union of ECONOMY with HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY, whose attainments is the triumph of the most progressive merchandising. Stocks are enormous. No matter how many people swarm to this sale, all will be amply accommodated. Everything is new, fresh and best, every garment is made along the most approved lines. No skimping in sizes. Perfect materials. Superior workmanship. Full sizes. All at prices from one-third to one-half less than ordinary.

TO MAKE CHOOSING EASY WE HAVE GROUPED, CLASSIFIED AND DISPLAYED ON SPECIAL TABLES IN OUR MAIN CENTER AISLE AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SECTION SIX GREAT SPECIAL LOTS AS FOLLOWS:

To prevent dealers purchasing, we reserve privilege of limiting quantities.

TABLE NO. 1.
Main Center Isle
at 10c a Garment

Not an item in this lot worth less than double and some treble the price. CHILDREN'S DRAWERS, with hem on bottom, headed by tucks, sizes 1 to 3, to fit children up to 6 years, splendid 25c value. On sale at 10c.

INFANTS' SLIPS, well sewed, made of good cambric, with ruffle on neck and sleeves. Go in this sale at 10c.

LADIES' CORSET COVERS, 2 styles to choose from, either high round or "Y" shaped neck, made of good cambric, embroidery trimmed, all sizes on sale in this lot at 10c.

CHILDREN'S SKIRTS with waist in 3 sizes to fit children up to 6 years. This sale price is much less than the cost of material. Each 10c.

CHILDREN'S JEAN WAISTS, strongly made with double row of buttons. Sizes to fit children up to 6 years at 10c.

TABLE NO. 3.
Main Center Isle
AT
25c
A GARMENT

These values are greater than any you ever conceived of.

LADIES' NIGHT GOWNS, liberally cut and well made of good muslin, 3 styles to choose from, all with double back yoke, front yoke plain or embroidered, trimmed, hemstitched ruffle on neck and sleeves, all sizes on sale at 25c.

CHILDREN'S NIGHT GOWNS, made of extra quality muslin, with double back yoke and front yoke of fine tucks, all sizes, on sale at 25c.

LADIES' DRAWERS, 2 styles, made of extra quality muslin with deep tucked ruffle, open or closed, all sizes, on sale at 25c.

MISSIE'S DRAWERS or best muslin with deep hemstitched ruffle, sizes to fit girls up to 14 years, one sale at 25c.

LADIES' SHORT SKIRTS in all lengths, made of good muslin, trimmed with deep hemstitched ruffle, on sale at 25c.

MISSIE'S SKIRT with deep hem and tucks, all sizes, positively the greatest bargain at this sale. Each 25c.

CHILD'S SKIRT with waist, made of fine lawn, all sizes, on sale price, each 25c.

LADIES' CHEMISE in all sizes, made of extra quality muslin, with ruffle around neck and armholes. Sale Price, each 25c.

LADIES' CORSET COVERS, in 5 nobby styles, lace or embroidery trimmed, tight fitting or with draw string, all sizes. Sale 25c.

Price, each 25c.

INFANTS' SLIPS of fine cambric, with embroidery or tucked yoke, neck and sleeves edged with hemstitching, ruffle or narrow embroidery. Sale Price, each 25c.

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F. Auerbach & Bro.
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TABLE NO. 5,
IN UNDERWEAR SECTION AT
75c a Garment.
A Rare Gathering of the Most Remarkable Values.

LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS, five nobby styles, each prettier than its neighbor, made of best muslin or fine cambric, all elegantly trimmed in lace or embroidery, come in high neck and long sleeves, or low neck and short sleeves, better than any. This sale price is much less than the cost of material. Sale Price, 75c.

LADIES' EXTRA SIZE NIGHTGOWNS for stout women, made of best muslin, with yoke of fine tucks and embroidery insertion and edged with hemstitched ruffle on neck and sleeves, all lengths, made full width and with extra dust ruffle. Sale Price 75c.

LADIES' SKIRTS, made of extra quality muslin with deep umbrella ruffle, trimmed at embroidery, Torchor lace, hemstitching and tucks, all lengths, made full width and with extra dust ruffle. Sale Price 75c.

LADIES' CORSET COVERS, made of fine nainsook, five styles to choose from in this lot, they are most elegantly trimmed in lace or embroidery and can't be duplicated for less than \$1.25. Sale Price 75c.

LADIES' SKIRT CHEMISE, made of fine cambric, Torchor lace trimmed yoke, neck, armholes, and ruffle on bottom, sizes 34 to 44. Sale Price 75c.

LADIES' DRAWERS, made of best muslin, fine cambric or good quality nainsook, four styles, trimmed in Torchor or Paris point lace or embroidery, all sizes, on sale at 75c.

TABLE NO. 5,
IN UNDERWEAR SECTION AT
\$1.00 a Garment.
An Exceedingly Attractive Line Containing Values Worth Double the Price Named.

LADIES' SKIRTS, made with extra dust ruffle and deep flounce, trimmed in deep embroidery, Paris point or Torchor lace, six pretty styles to choose from, all lengths, \$2.00 values. Sale Price \$1.00.

LADIES' SHORT SKIRTS of finest cambric, trimmed in Paris point lace edging and insertion, or deep embroidery headed by tucks, sizes 25 to 31. Sale Price \$1.00.

LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS, six popular styles, made of muslin, cambric or nainsook and trimmed in lace or fine embroidery, all sizes, in every style. You'll certainly want some of these at \$1.00.

LADIES' EXTRA SIZE NIGHTGOWNS, made of best quality muslin with yoke of four rows of embroidery insertion and fine tucks, with embroidery ruffle on neck and sleeves. Sale Price, each \$1.00.

LADIES' SKIRT CHEMISE, made of fine nainsook, with embroidery beading at waist, yoke and armholes, trimmed in Torchor lace and lace trimmed ruffle on bottom, all sizes. Sale Price \$1.00.

LADIES' DRAWERS of extra fine cambric or soft finished nainsook, elegantly trimmed in Paris point lace or fine deep swiss embroidery, all sizes, open or closed. Sale Price \$1.00.

LADIES' CORSET COVERS, made of very fine nainsook, trimmed in fine lace or embroidery. There are five styles in this lot to choose from, all sizes. Sale Price \$1.00.

Highest Grade of Muslin Underwear at the Regular Underwear Counter.

AT YET GREATER SAVINGS THAN THE CHEAPER KINDS, A FEW OF THE MANY UNUSUAL OFFERINGS ARE:

Ladies' Extra Fine Nainsook Gown, elegantly trimmed in embroidery, medallions, edging and insertion, in all sizes; \$4.25 value, at \$3.00.

Ladies' Skirt of fine cambric, with 16-inch deep lawn umbrella ruffle, trimmed in 3 rows of 1½ inch wide Torchor lace, insertion and 3-inch edging, all lengths, a \$2.25 Skirt, at \$1.35.

Ladies' Skirt Chemise of fine cambric, trimming, with two rows of wide Torchor lace insertion and hemstitching and lace edged on neck and armholes, with two-inch wide insertion and three-inch edging on bottom, all sizes, \$2.25 value; for this sale, each \$1.35.

Ladies' Skirt, made of finest cambric with twenty-inch deep lawn flounce, headed by ribbon drawn beading and trimmed in two rows of 1½-inch wide embroidery insertion and six-inch ruffle, all lengths; a beautiful \$1.00 Skirt, at \$4.95.

Ladies' Skirt of very fine Nainsook with twenty-inch deep flounce, headed by tucks and trimmed in fourteen-inch deep finest swiss embroidery and narrow insertion, an elegant \$10.00 Skirt at \$5.95.

Ladies' Gown of very fine Nainsook, with yoke of open worked embroidery insertion and fine tucks, with neck and sleeves trimmed in finest swiss embroidery, all sizes, \$3.00 value at \$2.00.

Ladies' Nainsook Corset Cover, trimmed in swiss embroidery insertion and edging and embroidered medallions, all sizes, very elegant \$1.35.

Ladies' Kimono Gown of very fine cambric, elegantly trimmed in open worked embroidery in section, all sizes, \$2.75 value. Sale Price \$1.65.

Ladies' Drawers of finest cambric, trimmed in Paris point lace, embroidery insertion and tucks, open or closed, all sizes. Sale Price \$1.40.

A Sale of Infants' Furnishings.
IN CONNECTION WITH OUR GREAT MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE

NO NEED TO GO INTO DETAIL, SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT EVERY ITEM IN OUR INFANTS' WEAR DEPARTMENT, BE IT LONG OR SHORT COAT, KNITTED OR CASHMERE JACKET, INFANTS' CAP OR BONNET, FLANNEL, CAMBRIC OR NAINSOOK SKIRT, ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN THIS POPULAR DEPARTMENT IS MARKED DOWN DURING THIS SALE TO LESS—MUCH LESS—THAN COST OF PRODUCTION. IT'S A RARE SAVING OPPORTUNITY. YOU CAN CLOTHE BABY AT A SAVING OF 1-3 TO 1-2 OFF REGULAR PRICES.

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75c For \$1.50 Colored Lawn Waists, tucked front and back, insertion trimmed; a very special Waist bargain.

\$1.15 For \$2.00 White Lawn Waists, made in the plaited effect, extra full sleeves, embroidered front.

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SHOE DEPT.
FOR ONE WEEK ONLY—Grover's
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CHILD'S KID SHOES, LACE OR BUTTON HAND TURNED, AND VERY FLEXIBLE. POSITIVELY \$1.00 VALUES. Special cut price—75c.

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GENT'S FINE BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR, all sizes, Regular 50c grade, will sell this week for per garment—35c.

Boys' House Waists, with large sailor collars, our regular 50c value, this week for—35c.

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MONDAY FROM 9 TO 12 O'CLOCK
SPECIAL—Fast Black Lace Striped
Lawn, regular price 20c. Limit, 12 yards to a customer at
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